The Loser House by beautiful_blue

Series: The Ryers Universe [4]
Category: IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Anal Sex, BDSM, Bondage, Collars, Crossdressing, Dom/sub, F/M, Lingerie, M/M, Oral Sex, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot, Poly Losers - Freeform, Polyamory, Rimming, Rough Sex, Sex, Spanking, Stanlon - Freeform, benverly - Freeform, kaspbrough, ryers
Language: English
Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Will Byers
Relationships: Ben Hanscom/ Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon/ Stanley Uris, Will Byers/Richie Tozier
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-03-21
Updated: 2018-03-21
Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:27:02
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 6
Words: 17,704
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

This story is pure sex, so stop now if that bothers you! HAPPY BIRTHDAY BRO! This story is for my bro who is now a 20 year old! I hope you love it! :D

The losers (and Will Byers), lead a successful enough life to afford a large house just outside of Los Angeles. They live a BDSM live style behind closed doors. This is a story about their day to day lives.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

- For Shadowhunter4.

Chapter 1

Stan was relieved the moment he stepped out of his light blue ford in the large driveway. He looked up at the large house he shared with his best friends, and sighed, pleased to be home. They lived together in California just half an hour outside of Los Angeles. The land they had bought was several acres worth. Mike had insisted on starting a small dairy farm. It was closer to Richie's radio host job, closer to Will and Bill's publishing companies, close to Beverly's clothing shop, and closer to where Ben had taken up doing architecture work. It was warm, and all around a beautiful place to live.

Finding an accounting firm willing to take Stan on had been simple. Stanley was a model employee with very good recommendations under his belt. Walking up to the front door, he unlocked it before entering. Locking the door behind him, Stan hung his keys on the small hook by the door that had a spot for eight different sets of keys. Ben had made it for them, and each hook had an initial above it with a personalized colour to tell them apart. Stan's had a very bold steel blue 'S' above it.

Just above the key rack was another rack made almost identical to the key rack, only it had four hooks, each one with a specific collar hanging from it. E,W,B, and S were the only initials carved into the wood. Stan took the pink collar off the hook labelled 'S' before glancing at the gold tag hanging from it. 'Property of Mike' was engraved on the front of it in small, but very clear letters. Stan fastened it around his neck and began removing the red tie around his neck.

Heading up the staircase directly in front of him, Stanley headed to the second floor. There were four bedrooms on the second level, and his room was at the far end of the hallway. He walked in and began taking off his grey work suit. Once he was completely undressed, Stan

pulled open a drawer with comfortable black pants, pulling them on. He went to his closet, and picked out a dark navy buttoned up shirt, and pulled it on. It was light and breezy, and he felt better wearing buttoned up shirts. His pink collar was easily viewable in his shirts for home, and that was very important.

Going down to the main level, Stanley walked into the kitchen to see Eddie wearing tight blue shorts, and a yellow t-shirt. His collar was brown and had a black tag with an 'E' etched into the front in a big bold font. He was cooking something that smelled a lot like beef. Eddie looked back at Stan, "Hey Stan. How was work?"

"Boring. I'm glad to be back home for the weekend." Stan sighed with relief. "Have you seen my master?"

"Mike's out back feeding the chickens." Eddie informed him as he stirred what ever he was cooking.

Stan nodded, "Did you want any help?"

"No it's ok. It's my night to cook, and your night to clean." Eddie looked at him, "I'd hate to make you do both."

"Maybe I'll skip cleaning." Stan smiled a little with a devious look in his eyes.

"You sure? Last time you skipped cleaning, you couldn't walk the next day." Eddie pointed out.

"You say that like it's a bad thing." Stan smiled as he took a seat at the counter, so he could talk to Eddie.

Eddie grinned a little, "You're so naughty, Stanley."

Beverly walked into the kitchen with her work out clothing on, a bottle of water in hand. "Hey bitches." She grinned as she greeted them.

"Hey Bev." Stan smiled at her, "Have a good work out?"

"Sure did. Ben gave me the best foot massage beforehand, and it really helped." Beverly told them, "Where are your masters anyway?"

Bev looked around.

“Mike’s out back, and my master is currently locked in his study working on one of his novels.” Eddie explained.

“Oh.” Bev nodded, “How much longer until dinner? I’m thinking of showering.”

“You’ve got time.” Eddie told her.

“Sweet, see you cuties soon.” Beverly exited the room.

“Where’s everyone else?” Stan asked Eddie, not hearing the person behind him entering the room.

The feeling of air blowing in his ear made Stan jump and look back at Richie who grinned with amusement. “Hey Stan.”

“Do you have to blow in my ear like that? You know Mike doesn’t like people touching me when he’s not around.” Stan tried to threaten.

“I don’t think blowing in your ear constitutes as touching you. Nice try though.” Richie grinned and turned to look at Will who had entered the room wearing his white collar with the gold tag labelled ‘Richie’s Bitch’ in two lines. Will was dressed in a yellow skirt and a white buttoned up blouse. “Hey babe, you finish folding my laundry?”

“Yes master.” Will nodded, and held his hands clasped neatly in front of him.

“Too lazy to do your own housework?” Stan raised a brow at Richie.

“That’s what you bitches are for.” Richie grinned.

“What are they for?” Mike asked coming around the corner, smiling at Stan, “Hey babe.”

“Hello master.” Stan smiled at him.

“I was just telling Stan that housework is what our bitches are for.”

Richie told him.

“That’s a good point, although my bitch tends to either do too much cleaning, or not enough depending on if he wants to be a brat or not.” Mike grinned a little as he wrapped his arms around Stan, pressing their lips together.

“I’m never a brat.” Stan lied, rubbing Mike’s shoulders gently.

Eddie scoffed, and put the ground beef into a serving bowl. Eddie began to set the table, putting out all the necessary foods one would put on tacos. Eddie really did make the best tacos.

Setting the table carefully, Eddie made sure everything looked good before he looked at them all, “I’m going to go call my master.” Eddie said heading out of the kitchen to find Bill.

Beverly returned not long after Eddie left, she wore a robe, and had her hair up in a towel. She had her finger hooked around Ben’s black collar, the dangling silver charm hanging from it had ‘Property of Bev’ etched into it. Ben was dressed in black shorts, and a red muscle shirt that showed off his very muscular form well. “Hey Ben.” Stan smiled as Mike gently stroked his blonde curls.

“Hey everyone.” Ben smiled casually.

“Taco night is the best night.” Richie grinned excitedly as he wrapped an arm around Will’s shoulders, “Isn’t that right my beautiful boy?”

Will smiled at him, “Yes master. You’re always right.”

“Being your slave would sicken me.” Stan rolled his eyes at how obedient Will was.

“That’s why you’re my slave. No one else could handle a brat like you.” Mike bit his neck, causing Stan to gasp, and stiffen a bit.

“Will’s being extra good tonight, aren’t you baby?” Richie purred, implying there was a specific reason why.

“Why’s that?” Stan asked curiously.

Richie pulled a small remote from his pocket. “He doesn’t want to risk coming before I get to fuck him.” Richie smirked, pressing a button on the remote.

Will let out a shrill moan, his back arching, “Master! Please!” Will begged.

Richie pressed another button, and Will sighed with relief. “You plugged him with a remote-control vibrator?” Mike asked amused.

“Oh yes. I love watching him struggle.” Richie smirked.

“Remember when I did that to you, babe?” Mike asked.

“How could I forget? I was working, and you kept turning the speed up on me in the middle of my important meetings with clients.” Stan sighed with annoyance, “I almost came as I was shaking someone’s hand.”

Richie laughed, “I wish I had seen that!”

Bill entered the room carrying Eddie in his arms bridal style. “I’m s-s-starving. Let’s eat.” Bill smiled as he set Eddie on his feet.

They all took their seats. Bill sat at the head of the table while Beverly sat at the other end of it. The top master, and the mistress got the most important seats. Those who preferred soft shells filled theirs up while the others filled up the hard shells. Eddie had done a good job once again.

Before they bought the house, it was initially a fantasy they had about the lifestyle they wanted to lead. To the outside world, they were just a bunch of close knit friends and significant others living together, but on the inside, they were heavily following a BDSM style life.

The submissive partners did much of the house work, opting to not follow the rules if they wanted to receive punishment, but for doing good work, they were praised, and rewarded. It was a good system and the submissive partners came together to create a schedule for who did what each day. They were able to give themselves a couple days off a week from chores.

The dominant partners had their own work to do. Mike did all of the farm related chores outside. Beverly, Richie and Bill took care of errands outside the home and did any shopping for the family.

On the day they decided to pursue their lifestyle, they all came together and decided on a single safe word that everyone had to use if something was too much. ‘clown’ had been the chosen word. It was a word that made them stop and think, thus it was perfect for them. Everyone made a list of things they were willing to do, and things they never wanted to do. It was good that they were all on the same page with most things. They even agreed that they were open to sexual relations between everyone living within the home, although Stan often denied that he would ever let Richie touch him.

After living that way for six months, it was all very natural to them. When ever they were in the presence of their master, they were to act in the manner expected of them, but away from their master, they could be themselves. It was fun, and Will enjoyed it the most.

Sundays was the day of the week in which all the losers were off work. They made a point to take time of their lifestyle for that day. No one wore a collar, and no one had to do any chores that day unless they wished to do so. They didn’t always have Sunday off, but at a family meeting, they decided unanimously it was best for everyone to do so.

Richie worked on week nights, but Friday nights were always the bigger deal as more people tuned into his station. Will often listened to his station when Richie was working, most of the loser’s put it on as background noise as well. Richie finished eating, and looked to Eddie, “This was really good, and I hate to eat and run, but I gotta get to work.” Richie told him.

“Have a good shift.” Eddie bid him.

Will and Richie kissed briefly before Richie was on his way to get his shoes on. Will watched him go, and everyone thought it was cute how Will stared longingly after him. “You’re so in love, its disgusting.” Stan smirked a little.

“Oh, I am, but it’s no more disgusting than when you stare at Mike

when he's working outside." Will pointed out.

"You stare at me when I'm working outside?" Mike looked at him amused, and Stan turned a light shade of pink.

"He really likes it when you're shirtless and sweating." Will replied.

"Well played, Byers." Stan eyed him before finishing his food.

After dinner was over, they migrated to the living room. They had two love seats, a three seater couch, and an arm chair to ensure everyone had somewhere to sit. Beverly usually took the armchair, and Ben sat on the three seater closest to her.

Stan scrubbed down the kitchen and cleaned all the dishes for the evening. He preferred to do the dishes himself, because he cleaned them better than the rest of them in his opinion. When Stan had finished, he joined everyone in the living room. He sat down next to Mike who pulled him close.

Beverly looked over at Ben and beckoned him over with her finger. He smiled and knelt before her chair, "Yes, my queen?" Ben asked.

"My legs are sore after that run. Massage them for me." She smiled sweetly, and Ben took her right calf in his hands, and began working out her muscles gently. "Mm… thank you pet."

Will and Eddie snuggled together on the couch next to Bill. It was a fairly common sight, as both Bill and Richie thought they were the most beautiful boys in the house. It was quite a nice sight for them. Richie gave Bill permission to play with Will when he was at work, and Bill had the same arrangement with Eddie and Richie, often dropping off Eddie into Richie's bed in the mornings he chose to write.

Eddie kissed Will's cheek and ran his fingers along Will's arms gently. Will nuzzled into his head gently. Bill kept an eye on them as they were distracting him from the TV. Eddie reached up under Will's skirt and began feeling Will's hardness through his lace panties. Will moaned softly, enjoying the feeling of Eddie's soft hands on him as the plug continued to torment him on its lowest setting.

“Hey, I didn’t give you p-per-permission to touch, did I Eddie?” Bill asked.

Removing his hand, Eddie looked back at Bill, “Sorry master.”

“You’ve b-been too fix-fixated on di-dicks lately. This morning I caught you staring at R-Richie’s dick before he f-f-fucked Will on the table. D-Don’t make me cut you off of them.” Bill warned.

“Master, I’m not fixated on dicks.” Eddie talked back.

Bill looked at him sternly, “No dicks f-for you until t-tomorrow night.”

Eddie pouted, and crossed his arms. Bill and Eddie liked to tease each other almost more wickedly than the other couples, but it was something that kept them both fiery, and enjoying their roleplay.

Mike watched as Stan brought his index finger to his mouth. Mike felt the warm wetness as Stanley let his tongue slide around it. “If that’s what you want to do, don’t waste your time with my finger.” Mike smirked and undid his pants.

Leaning down, Stan pulled out Mike’s forming erection and began sucking it gently. Mike closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the couch. “That’s a good boy…” Mike ran his fingers through Stan’s hair as he bobbed his head at a steady pace, enjoying the feeling of pleasing Mike.

Bill watched Stan and Mike before looking to Will. He undid his pants and pulled out his stiff erection. “Will, l-lean over Eds, and take care of this for me.”

Will licked his lips, making them wet and ready as he bent over Eddie’s lap, leaning down to wrap his mouth around Bill’s erection. Bill groaned, and watched Will lick up the underside before pushing it deep into his mouth. Eddie watched, a jealous look on his face.

Eddie lifted up Will’s skirt, and smacked Will’s ass once, causing him to make a shocked sound that vibrated Bill’s erection. “Calm down

Eds, o-or you're getting a sp-spanking. Play nice."

Shifting a bit, Eddie sat with his arms crossed as he watched the blowjob continue. "If he's that eager to please someone…" Beverly grinned, and removed her panties with Ben continued to rub her thigh gently.

"There you g-go Eds. Do what you d-do best. Lick her P-Pussy." Bill ordered.

It was something Eddie had consented to doing, so long as he never had to use his penis. He found it simple to make Beverly come, he just understood how a clit worked. Will moved so Eddie could get up. He knelt down between Beverly's legs, and Ben helped her legs stay open as Eddie leaned in and slid his tongue up her slit. Bev bit her lip, "Oh yes… I love when he licks me…" Beverly grinned as Eddie began going to town on her, licking hard, and using his teeth gently on the bud.

"Oh! Oh fuck!" Beverly cried out, her fingers massaging Eddie's scalp.

"Nothing l-like a gay eating you out, huh?" Bill smiled at Beverly as Will continued to suck his cock deep into his mouth.

"This gay in particular is talented." Beverly grinned as her toes began to curl. "Oh, so talented…"

Mike groaned louder as he began getting closer to his climax. "Fuck! Stanley you're good with that mouth…"

Stan continued to move his head, feeling more confident by Mike's compliment. His collar tag jingled a bit with each movement. Mike licked his lips, and groaned, "Oh, here it comes, babe. Drink it down." Stan obeyed, swallowing as Mike came hard into his throat.

Mike stroked Stan's hair gently, "Good boy." Stan sat up and cuddled into Mike who wrapped his arms around Stanley.

Stan smiled, kissing his cheek gently. Mike nuzzled his head and pressed a kiss to his lips. "Ew, you two are gr-grossly cute." Bill grinned before Will pulled a moan from him by swallowing around the head of his cock.

Beverly pulled Ben to her lips, kissing him heatedly as Eddie continued to lap her slit like he owned it. As gay as Eddie was, he enjoyed having the power to drive a woman like Beverly crazy. Ben's erection was visible through his clothes, and it was clear he was enjoying what was happening to Bev, even more so, her reaction to it all.

Ben kissed her deeply, cupping her face gently as she moaned into his mouth. Eddie worked his tongue hard against her clit, feeling sexually frustrated seemed to make him work at her better. Beverly broke the kiss with Ben, and gripped his shoulder, her body tensing up, "Oh! Yes! Yes!" She shouted before Eddie was squirted in the face with her climax. "Oh fuck… he was amazing Bill…" Bev smiled over at the auburn man looking satisfied.

Eddie proceeded to wipe off his mouth with a tissue from the coffee table. He cleaned his face and tossed the tissue in the trash. Bill bit his lower lip, and grunted loudly as he came hard into Will's throat. Will swallowed it down, and pulled off him, sitting on his knees.

Bill looked over to Eddie, "Good j-job Eds. If you're good f-fo-for the rest of the night, I'll let you get off with m-my fingers tonight."

Eddie sighed, and looked down at the floor, "Yes, master. I just wish it was your cock…"

"I kn-know baby, but you're too obsessed with them. You n-need to t-take a break from them."

Eddie went to the bathroom to brush his teeth, and properly rinse his face clean. When he returned, he sat between Will and Bill, snuggling into Bill while Will leaned his head on Eddie's shoulder. Beverly had let Ben sit in the armchair, so she could sit on his lap and snuggle into him while he stroked her short hair. Stanley sat with Mike's arm around his shoulders, and the group watched content as a classic movie played on the TV.

By midnight, Richie came home, and Will perked up happily as he came into the living room. "There's my beautiful boy." Richie smiled, sitting next to Will, and pulling him onto his lap. "Were you good while I was gone?"

“Yes, master. Always.” Will kissed his hands gently.

“Very good. He g-got me off like a pro.” Bill smirked a little.

Richie eyed Will who blushed a little and nodded. “Oh, well in the case, I better reward you when we go to bed, starting by removing that plug.” Richie waggled his brows at Will.

“Hey, it’s Friday night… you know what that means.” Mike rubbed Stan’s leg, earning a look of alarm from Stan.

“Jesus, he still hates it?” Beverly looked at Mike amused.

“Fights me on it every time.” Mike moved Stan so he was bent over the coffee table, “It’s a reward, not a punishment, but he doesn’t seem to get it.”

“He’s just em-embarrassed he gets an audience.” Bill watched as Stan fidgeted a bit.

“He’s like this alone too.” Mike grinned, “Come on, accept the reward, babe.”

“M-Master, it’s ok. I don’t need a reward.” Stan looked back at Mike as he pulled off his pants, and boxers.

“Yes, you do, babe.” Mike spread Stan’s cheeks, and began dragging his tongue along his opening slowly.

Stan squeaked a bit and buried his face in the table as everyone in the household watched amused.

“Fuck, Stanley. You really are a prissy bitch.” Richie laughed.

“Sh-Shut up, Tozier!” Stan grumbled at him.

Mike smacked his ass, “Be nice. Just because you’re embarrassed about weird things, doesn’t mean you can backtalk Richie.” Mike scolded Stan, “Now lift your butt up more.”

Stan remained silent and lifted his ass to make it easier on Mike. He pressed his face into the coffee table and crossed his arms around his

red face, so no one could see it.

Mike went back to licking the sensitive ring around his opening, listening to the soft moans Stan tried to stifle. “This is unsanitary!” Stan’s voice was muffled, but Mike could hear him.

“It’s dirty, and you love it.” Mike said before plunging his tongue back inside of him once more, eliciting more moans from Stan.

“This is my favourite part of Friday night, watching Stan be utterly humiliated by his reward.” Bev laughed as Ben kissed her cheek gently.

“You should change his reward to letting me fuck him. He’d love that more, I’m certain.” Richie winked at Mike.

Stan raised a hand to flip Richie off before placing it back down to shield his head. Mike pressed his tongue inside of Stan, licking his way as deeply as he could while Stan fidgeted, and gasped.

“How d-does it feel knowing you have an au-audience?” Bill enjoyed taunting Stan now and then; they all did.

Stan whined, and gripped his hair tightly as Mike continued, gently grazing his teeth along Stan’s more sensitive areas. Gripping Stan’s erection, Mike felt the precum that had leaked all over his cock. Stan gasped loudly and made a loud moaning sounds as he was double stimulated.

Will reached between Richie’s legs, feeling his hard erection. Looking around, it seemed everyone was getting excited just watching Stanley receive his Friday reward. Bill was even up again after the blowjob he’d given him. Eddie shifted in his seat, looking frustrated by not be able to be fucked by Bill or anyone for that matter, for an entire day.

Stan arched his back, and suddenly began moaning louder as he lifted his head, “Oh! OH God! Mike! Mike! Fuck me, please!” He cried out before suddenly coming onto Mike’s hand.

Mike pulled away, and looked down at the come covering his hand, “You come faster that way than when I fuck you. Deny it all you want, but you love when I eat your ass. Now what do you say, baby?”

Stan was practically glowing as he pulled his boxers and pants back up, “Thank you, master.”

“Good boy, now go upstairs, and get ready. I’m going to fuck you in a few minutes.” Mike smacked his ass again, and Stan quickly headed upstairs, hiding his face from everyone in the process.

Richie snickered the entire time Stan headed out of the room. “Man, I’ve never seen someone act like that over getting a rimjob before.”

Mike smiled a little, and headed upstairs, waving at the rest of them, “Have a good night everyone.”

Will waved at Mike, and looked to Richie who patted his arm, signalling for him to get up. Will stood up, “Let’s get going, Will. I’ve got an early morning.” Richie told him

“Yes, Master.” Will nodded as he stood up still walking a bit funny.

Richie picked up Will bridal style, “Good night everyone.” Richie grinned as he walked upstairs with Will in his arms.

“We should all head to bed. Beverly y-you, Richie and I have to d-do a grocery run tomorrow.” Bill reminded.

“I’ll be ready by ten.” Beverly nodded to Bill as he stood up, throwing Eddie over his shoulder as he made his way for the stairs.

Ben and Beverly were next to follow. They headed upstairs to their room, and shut the door behind them, hearing the faint desperate moaning of Stan in a few rooms over as Mike no doubt was fucking him before bed.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

> It's the next day, and the subs are plotting some naughty things.

Chapter 2

Will, Eddie, Stan, and Ben sat in the living room together the next morning as three of the four masters were grocery shopping, and Mike was outside tending to the tiny farm in their backyard.

Eddie was biting his thumb nail looking completely desperate. “Calm down. He’ll fuck you tonight.” Stan rolled his eyes as he finished disinfecting the coffee table.

“I know, but I’m horny now.” Eddie fidgeted before looking to Will who was seated beside him as they watched TV, “Will, can you fuck me?”

Will looked at him surprised, “What? You know we’d get into a lot of trouble if we did that.” Will told him, “We’re only allowed to do that in front of our masters.” Will reminded.

“Screw the rules, a quickie is all I need.” Eddie looked at him, “Please? I’ll suck your dick first. You know how good my mouth feels, right?” Eddie persuaded.

Will did enjoy the blowjobs Eddie had given him in the past. He bit his lip before nodding, “Alright, but we have to do this upstairs. I’m not getting caught if I do this.”

Eddie got up and headed for the stairs, “Hey, what about us?” Stan gestured to Ben and looked at Eddie surprised, “You think we won’t say anything?”

“I’ll blow you while Will fucks me, and you can blow Ben.” Eddie sighed as he headed upstairs.

Stan and Ben looked at each other and shrugged before following

Will. They headed up to Bill and Eddie's room, closing the door behind them. Will wasted no time, undoing Will's jeans, and sliding them off with his boxers. Eddie wrapped his mouth around Will's erection, causing Will to gasp with surprise. "Oh…"

Ben and Stan looked at one another before leaning in and pressing their lips together. Ben cupped Stan's face gently and slid his tongue into Stan's mouth. "Mm…" Stan moaned softly, his pelvis pressing into Ben's large erection.

Eddie sucked hard on Will's erection, warming it with his wet mouth as it hardened. "Eddie, you have such a talented mouth…" Will moaned, running his fingers through Eddie's hair gently.

It was pretty obvious Eddie was used to hearing that. He stuck a finger in his mouth, and pressed it into Will's ass, attempting to trigger his prostate with a come-hither motion. It worked. Will moaned loudly, looking down at Eddie as his erection became rock solid.

Will pulled Eddie off his cock, and Eddie undid his pants, pulling them with his boxers to the ground as he got on all fours on the carpet. Will got on his knees behind Eddie, and spit on his hand before rubbing it into his erection, attempting to get it lubricated. Eddie reached under the bed, and handed Will the lubricant, "Oh, thanks." Will poured it onto his hand, rubbing it into his erection before pushing a finger into Eddie's opening to lubricate his insides.

Stan undid his pants, pulling from Ben's lips long enough to get onto his knees before Eddie. Wrapping his mouth around Stan's erection, Eddie began sucking him off slowly. Ben stood a little off to the side of Stan, his cock making it's appearance as Ben removed his pants. Stan licked his lips, "You have such a nice big one, Ben. I love it." Stan said before wrapping his mouth around Ben's erection, moving his head slowly.

"Oh God… it's been a while since I've had a blowjob." Ben sighed with relief as Stan worked his mouth on him eagerly.

Will pressed into Eddie, listening to his moaning around Stan's cock. Will gripped Eddie's hips, pressing hard into his prostate. Will bit his

lip, moving his hips roughly back and forth.

Eddie's sounds only seemed to vibrate Stan's cock, making Stan in turn moan around Ben's. The sounds of Ben gasping, and the others moaning filled the air as Will thrust in and out of Eddie as deeply as he could. "Oh, you feel so good…" Will moaned moving a bit faster.

Stan moved his head a little more zealously, making Ben feel incredible with each stroke to his large cock.

When the bedroom door opened unexpectedly, the four of them froze on the spot, and turned to see Mike leaning in the doorway with a stern expression. "Sucking someone else's cock, huh Stan?" Mike asked as Stan pulled off Ben's erection with a guilty look on his face.

"Just wait until the rest of the masters hear about this. You four sneaking off together to please yourselves. Tsk tsk." Mike shook his head and pulled Stan up by his collar with one finger.

Eddie felt Will slide out of him, and they all watched as Mike gripped Stan by the neck, backing him into the wall possessively. Stan looked shocked, and nervous as Mike stared at him sternly. "I-" Stan was cut off as Mike pressed a finger to his lips.

"Just you wait, Stanley. You're going to have a reason to apologize when I'm through with you." Mike looked into his eyes darkly, making Stan shiver and bite his bottom lip at the thought of Mike dominating him.

Mike turned back to the others, "As for you lot." Mike pointed to Ben, "Who started this?"

Everyone looked at Eddie who stared directly at Mike nervously. "Eddie. I want you in the living room scrubbing the kitchen floor until Bill gets home." Eddie just stared at Mike silently, "Now!" Mike roared until Eddie sped past him out the doorway.

Will swallowed, and watched as Mike pointed a finger at him, "You clean the shower on the second level." Will got up immediately and ran out of the room pulling up his pants.

Ben stood silently as Mike pointed at him finally, "As for you, go help

Will, you get the rest of the bathroom." Ben bowed his head and left the room.

Stan stared at Mike nervously, waiting to hear what he was to clean. "You get a special punishment that has to wait until the others get home." Mike let go of his neck, and eyed him dangerously, "Go sit in the arm chair in the living room until the others come home. Think long and hard about what you've done."

Stanley left the room quickly, averting his eyes to the floor as he walked. Mike smirked a little and headed down to the main level to keep an eye out for the others.

The other three returned fairly quickly, and upon hearing what the submissive boys had attempted, everyone was called to the living room. The masters stood before them, watching as their pet's avoided eye contact, and hung their heads in shame. "So, what do you think we should do to them, Big Bill?" Bev asked as she rested against him, staring at Ben.

"Eddie, you're wearing the vi-vibrating plug until this evening. N-No climaxing either." Bill decided for Eddie who looked mortified instantly.

"Ben, go get my strap on." Beverly looked at him firmly.

Ben got up and headed upstairs quietly, not excited for what was about to happen. Richie looked to Will, "What a surprise that you were balls deep in Eddie. You never do shit like this. If you want to be a whore, though, I'm not going to stop you. You get to be fucked by Bill and Mike one after another. No breaks in between." Richie ordered.

"This brings me to Stan's punishment." Mike said watching Stan look up nervously as Mike placed a hand on Richie's shoulder, "Stan, you're going to suck off Richie. You're going to do it as slutty as possible after the way you disobeyed." Stan looked horrified, but lowered his head knowing he couldn't disobey.

Richie looked pleased by Mike's orders, "Well who am I to say no to such a worthy punishment?" Richie undid his pants and got

comfortable in the armchair as Ben and Eddie returned with items in hand.

Bill bent Eddie over the side of the couch, and took the lubricant and the plug, lubing the plug carefully. Eddie groaned as he felt the plug being inserted right against his prostate. Bill switched the plug on vibrate and watched Eddie shutter with arousal. “Go finish cleaning the fl-floor of the ki-kitchen.” Bill ordered his slave.

Bill bent Will over the coffee table that Stan had spent so much time cleaning that morning. He pressed his lubricated fingers into Will’s ass, and listened to him groan before be pulled out, and inserted his hard cock inside Will, “Think t-that I’d just l-let you fuck my slave? Think again.” Bill growled as he thrust his hips hard into Will who moaned desperately as he gripped the coffee table with gritted teeth.

Beverly pulled on the strap on, and lubricated it carefully before instructing Ben to remove his clothing and lean over the coffee table facing Will. Beverly carefully inserted two fingers into Ben’s ass. “Oh, Benny boy, I’d rather you be the one fucking me, but this is unforgiveable.”

Ben whimpered as he felt Beverly stretch him carefully before she pressed the dildo against his ass. “Let’s see if you can take it again.” Beverly pressed just the tip inside of him, watching him hiss and grip at the table. She rubbed his lower back, remaining still for a bit. “Ready for more yet?” Ben shook his head and forced himself to relax before looking back at Beverly and nodding.

Richie watched as Beverly pushed a bit more inside of Ben, watching him grit his teeth and groan loudly, “Fuck…” Ben pressed his forehead to the table as Will continued to take all of Bill’s hard thrusts from behind.

Mike undressed Stan, pulling his shirt off before undoing his pants and pulling them down with his boxers so he had nothing to hide behind. Mike smacked his ass, “Go on, Stan. Richie’s cock is waiting for you.” Mike pushed down on Stan’s shoulders, so he was on his hands and knees on the floor, “Crawl over to him and beg him to let you suck it.” Mike told him, knowing it was a humiliating task to complete.

Stan sighed with annoyance and crawled over to Richie slowly, “Can I suck your cock?” Stan asked flatly.

Richie looked at him for a moment, “I don’t feel like you want to.”

Stan sighed again, “Richie, may I please suck your cock?” Stan asked with a little more gusto.

Mike watched amused, trying to hide a smile. “Once more with feeling.” Richie smirked, a shit eating grin on his face.

“Richie, please let me suck your cock.” Stan faked a more desperate tone.

“Well when you put it like that, how can I refuse?” Richie grinned watching as Stan moved between his legs and wrapped his mouth around the head of Richie’s cock. “I can’t wait to see my slave getting fucked by your master. I bet you’re going to wish it was you.” Richie smirked as Stan slowly moved down to the base, pumping his head up and down.

Mike watched as Stan put little effort into what he was doing, “Stanley, if you don’t act more like the slut you are, I’m going to let Richie fuck you.” Stan immediately let his mouth water more, making it slippery as he moved his head faster.

Richie groaned, and nodded to Mike, “Now he’s doing his job…”

“Don’t forget to thank Richie for letting you suck him off.” Mike grinned a little.

Stan pulled off, “Thank you, for letting me suck your cock.” Stan tried to sound convincing as he went back to sucking hard on Richie’s erection.

Will was moaning and arching his back as Bill hit him right in the prostate with each pounding thrust, “Fuck, thi-this is one tight boy you have R-Richie.”

“He is tight, I don’t get how considering how much he gets fucked.” Richie grinned proudly.

Ben whimpered as Beverly continued to fuck him at a steady pace, “How does it feel baby? Do you like being fucked by your mistress like this?” Beverly asked him tauntingly.

“Yes Mistress. Thank you, mistress.” Ben gripped the table, his knuckles turning while as he felt her hitting his prostate at a maddening slow pace.

Eddie watched the orgy from the kitchen, his erection rock solid as he attempted to keep cleaning the floor. Stan kept his eyes closed as he sucked on Richie, desperately trying to pretend it was Mike. “Stan, the least you could do is maintain eye contact with me.” Richie flicked his brows as Stan opened his eyes to look at him.

“Do a good job, and you don’t have to take it in the ass by him after.” Mike said, arms crossed.

Stan used his tongue more on the underside of Richie’s cock. “Mmm… that’s it.” Richie bit his lower lip, gripping the arms of the chair, “Use that wicked tongue of yours on my big fat cock.” Stan wanted to use his teeth, even just a little, but he knew he couldn’t.

Ben moaned loudly, his body wreathing on the coffee table as Beverly purposely pressed into his prostate. “Bev! Oh God!” He moaned out gripping the coffee table.

Bill watched amused as he continued to fuck Will hard against the table. “Ben l-likes being your l-li-little bitch.”

“Would you like him to be your bitch sometime?” Bev winked.

“I would.” Bill and Ben locked eyes briefly through the sexual tension.

Will gripped the table, his eyes on Richie as Stan hummed around his cock, attempting to be as sexy as possible despite himself. “Mmm…” Stan kept his eyes locked with Richie, and Richie couldn’t look away as he moaned, and gripped the arms of the chair.

“Fuck, Mike. He’s really good…” Richie sounded a bit astounded.

“Good boy.” Mike praised Stan, watching him continue to be pleasing

to Richie.

Bill groaned loudly, and released hard into Will, biting his shoulder gently. Will squeaked a bit and felt Bill pull out of him. “M-Mike you’re next.” Bill told him as he pulled up his pants and sat on the couch to watch Ben and Bev from the side view.

Mike moved behind Will, and undid his pants, pressing his way inside carefully. Will bit his lip, and moaned softly, “Oh God…”

Stan was a bit jealous knowing Mike was using his amazing dick on Will. It was Stan’s dick, at least in his mind. It fired him up more and led him to lick Richie’s erection sensually his lower lip rubbing against the head as he licked at the slit gently. Richie was mesmerized, and Stan was beginning to enjoy the power he had over Richie.

Stan made a show of reaching between his legs, stroking himself gently to seem like this was what he really wanted; Richie’s penis. “Fuck… you want this inside of you?” Richie asked him.

Nodding, Stan pushed it down to the back of his throat, moaning as he deep throated Richie. “Oh Fuck!” Richie moaned out loudly, “Mike, I’m gonna fuck him…”

Mike looked over a bit surprised, despite being balls deep inside of Will, he was a bit shocked by the prospect, “Well… I suppose so.”

Stan grinned a little, knowing full well Mike wasn’t as into the idea of someone else fucking him. He wasn’t going to do anything to stop it, he just usually never had Stan do more than blow other people. Richie pulled Stan on top of him, and Stan slid down on the thoroughly drooled on member easily. “Oh!” Stan’s head fell back almost dramatically as he began riding Richie eagerly, his hands on Richie’s shoulders.

Will whimpered loudly, Mike pounding into him a little harder. “OH! OH God!” Will cried out.

Bill ran his fingers through Ben’s hair, enjoying the soft noises coming from him as Beverly continued to thrust into him. “Oh

God…" Ben was getting close, and Bill could tell by the look of lust in his eyes.

Bill leaned in, pressing his lips to Ben's gently. Ben kissed him back, moaning into his mouth as Bev moved harder into his prostate. Bill cupped his face, sliding his tongue deep into Ben's mouth, kissing him as Beverly reached around to rub Ben's cock while she finished him off. Ben panted heavily, having a hard time focusing on the kiss as he was close to coming.

Pulling back, Bill bit his lower lip gently, and grinned before sitting back on the couch. "Oh! Beverly!" Ben cried out before squirting onto her hands.

Bev smiled, "Good boy. You took it like a good bitch."

Pulling out of Ben, Beverly took off the strap on. "Are you sore babe?"

Ben shook his head, "I-I'm ok… thank you mistress."

Beverly smiled, "Now maybe you won't fuck around behind my back with the other bitches."

Bill looked into the kitchen to Eddie who was struggling with his hard on as he scrubbed the tiles, moaning every so often as the plug continued to torment him. "That f-floor better sparkle, Eddie!"

Eddie got back to scrubbing harder, seemingly remembering what he was doing. Stan moved his body on top of Richie with a sense of grace that none of the other males in the house had. He leaned in, pressing his mouth to Richie's. The dark haired man kissed him back, drinking in all the attention he was getting from Stan. "Oh God! Such a nice big cock! Oh thank you Richie!" Stan moaned loudly, catching Mike's attention immediately.

Stan looked back at Mike, a smirk on his face. Mike moved his hips faster, sending Will over the edge as he did so. "Oh! Yes! Yes! Yes!" Will cried out before suddenly releasing onto the table "Oh…" He panted heavily.

Mike gripped his hips and groaned, releasing hard into Will as he

thought about all the ways he was going to make Stan pay for taunting him that evening.

Richie groaned, his body unable to handle any more, he held Stan down on his erection, and released hard into him, “Fuck! Stan! I can’t fucking believe how good you did…”

Stan didn’t have a moment to respond as Mike grabbed him off Richie from behind, and began carrying him upstairs, “Say good bye to Stan for a couple hours. He’s got a much bigger punishment to endure.” Mike told everyone who knew this was going to be Stan’s favourite part of the night.

Notes for the Chapter:

What did you think? PLEASE TELL ME!

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

It's a Stanlon special!

Chapter 3

Stan was dropped unceremoniously onto the carpet of the bathroom he and Mike shared on the top most level of the house. “You’re a slut.” Mike told him as he walked into the next room and closed the door to their room, locking it before returning to the bathroom where Stan sat on the bath mat on his knees.

Looking at him with a fake aloof expression, Stan shook his head, “I don’t know what you mean, master. I was pleasing Richie as you instructed.”

“First, you’re caught sucking Ben’s cock while Eddie sucks yours, and the next thing you’re seducing Richie, in an attempt to fuck him. You’re trying to get under my skin.” Mike narrowed his eyes at Stan, “So, you’re going to wash that body of your clean, and make sure Richie’s come is cleaned out of you before you learn your next lesson: I own you.”

Stan stood up, “Of course, master. I will clean up for you.” Stan got into the shower and pulled the curtain across.

Mike went to the bedroom and pulled out two sets of black fuzzy handcuffs before attaching them to the bed railing. He attached two bondage straps to each bottom leg of the bed. He’d gotten them from the sex shop a while back, and they seemed to work well on Stan’s ankles. Stan used to get harsh marks on his wrists before they had proper binding tools. The fuzzy handcuffs were Beverly’s brilliant idea. Stan hardly ever had problems after they used them, unless he was struggling too hard. The bondage straps were a thick rope with leather cuffs for the ankles, and the shop owner assured Mike they would keep Stan’s ankles from having marks on them.

Saturday nights were often Stan’s ‘cleansing’ night as he liked to call

it. When they first started the cleansing nights, Mike had his concerns about it. He worried he would be causing Stan more harm that good. He didn't want to actually hurt Stanley, but he soon understood it was something Stan desired deeply. He'd always been raised to feel like he was doing something wrong if he was having any fun at all, so the idea of pain and pleasure combined seemed to do something positive for Stan's mental and emotional state. Mike noticed that over time, Stan seemed to almost heal from their cleaning nights, and even more from the entire day of aftercare that followed.

Stanley came out of the shower after fifteen minutes of intensive scrubbing. He entered the bedroom with a white towel around his waist. Mike went into the drawer next to their bed and pulled out a long wide butt plug before pointing to the side of the bed, "Lean over it." Stan removed the towel and leaned over the side of the bed.

Mike pulled the cherry lubricant from the drawer and began pouring it all over the plug. Stan waited calmly until Mike began pushing it inside of him. He grunted a bit once it was all inside, putting immense pressure on his prostate. Mike flicked the switch on the end of the toy, and Stan jumped a little as he felt the vibrations filling his body. "Oh God…" Stan whined.

"You're going to leave that inside of you while I shower. Since I don't have any reason to trust you, I'm going to have you lay on the bed, on your stomach." Mike instructed.

Stan climbed onto the bed, feeling Mike grab his wrist, locking it into the restraints. His ankle was next as Mike walked around the bed, securing them both in place before getting his final wrist locked in securely. "You're going to think about your actions, and you're going to come up with a sincere apology for me by the time I get back."

"Yes, sir." Stan nodded looking up at Mike who then headed for the washroom, pulling his shirt off as he exited the room.

Stan remained on the bed, feeling the pressure on his prostate. He groaned as he began gently rubbing his stiff erection against the black bedspread. The anticipation of knowing what Mike was possibly going to do were getting him antsy. He loved the things Mike did to him as 'punishment' and he knew being made to wait in

such a state was one of those things.

Mike shut off the water in the shower and came out several minutes later with a towel around his hips, his entire muscled torso exposed to him, except just below the defined hips. Stan just wanted to run his mouth all over Mike's body, it looked so beautiful to him. Without thinking, he rocked his hips into the mattress, watching Mike's perfect form approach him.

A hand slapped hard against his ass cheek. "Ah!" Stan bit his lip, realizing he wasn't supposed to be thrusting the mattress. "Sorry master, your body distracted me."

"Don't blame my body for your mistakes." Mike said, slapping his hand down on the other cheek just as hard.

"Yes master, my apologies." Stan bowed his head, trying to keep still.

"You've been quite bad today. What's gotten into you?" Mike asked dragging his nails up Stan's back.

Enjoying the feeling of Mike's nails on his skin, Stan shivered a bit, "I'm sorry. I just really crave your attention."

"Well tonight, you're getting all of it. The bad mostly." Mike informed him, tugging his blonde curls as he spoke softly into his ear.

"Yes, anything for you." Stan agreed, knowing he was completely at Mike's mercy.

Pulling the plug out of Stan's body, Mike replaced the plug with his fingers, rubbing them hard into Stanley's prostate. Moaning softly, Stan whimpered a bit, knowing Mike was trying to get him to come before he really got started on him. "A brat like you needs to learn a lesson in submission." Mike dug into the drawer, pulling out a condom.

Stan felt the condom being rolled onto his cock as a means of catching any mess. Stan fidgeted a bit as he felt his legs going numb from how much force Mike was pressing into his prostate. "Oh God… master… please be gentle…" Stan didn't want to come fast, but it was what Mike was going to make happen.

“If I’m gentle, you won’t come from it. I want you to come hard. You’ve got to learn who is boss around here.” Mike rubbed into him, his fingers knowing exactly how to move inside of Stan for the best reaction. Whimpering loudly Stan’s penis oozed with pleasure into the condom.

Mike continued his assault on Stan’s ass, shoving a third finger inside, stretching him more. “I’m sorry for being bad, sir! I’ll never do it again! I’m so sorry!” Stanley cried out, arching his back as he tried to hold back coming; it was a pointless endeavor.

“Good. You should be sorry.” Mike smirked mercilessly fingering him, “Now you get to come for me.”

Stan wreathed, tugging at the bindings on his wrists. “Oh God!” Stan moaned loudly, his body going through a wave of nearly blinding pleasure as he began coming hard, his voice screeching as he gritted his teeth upon release.

Mike watched Stan panting heavily. “Oh shit…”

“Now that you’ve come, let’s talk about how much I don’t appreciate you trying to take control of a situation I put you in.” Mike said slapping a hand down hard on Stan’s ass.

The slap left a burning sting in its wake, and Stan gritted his teeth, “I’m sorry, master. I’ll never do it again.”

“How do I know I can believe you?” Mike slapped his other cheek just as hard, “You seemed to enjoy whoring yourself out. Perhaps you’d like me to sell you to Richie instead?” Mike suggested.

“No! Please no! Not that!” Stan begged, but was cut short as Mike’s hand slapped his ass twice in a row.

“If you’re good, I won’t sell you. It all depends how well you repent tonight.” Mike spoke softly, tugging Stan’s hair as he spoke in his ear.

Stan nodded, “Yes, of course master, I’ll be good.”

Mike let go of Stan’s hair, and reached for the drawer beside the bed. “I’m going to make you come again. Be a good boy, and don’t hold

back. I want to hear you begging for your punishment. It's the only way you're going to repent for your misdeeds."

Stan watched Mike pull a long silicone vibrator from the drawer. Mike set it on the night stand before digging into the drawer to pull out a small leather strap. Stan bit his lip anticipating the sting of the toy. Mike moved the toy out of sight, running his fingers down Stan's back, "Are you ready to say sorry for seducing Richie like a slut?" Mike questioned.

"Yes, master. I never should have done it." Stan nodded, "Please punish me for my wrong doings." Stan knew the drill, without a second to spare, Mike slapped the strap against the back of his thighs.

The sting made Stan shiver, but also his erection twitched beneath him. Mike brought the strap down on his lower back, watching as Stan fidgeted with a soft moan. The first time Mike had ever beaten him with the strap, Stan had to beg him to continue. It had made Mike worried he was doing something wrong. The pain only excited Stanley and he felt a strange release from feeling it.

Mike gently kissed the red mark left behind on Stan's skin, "Who do you belong to?" Mike asked him.

"You. I belong to you, master." Stan tensed a bit, moaning as Mike brought the strap down on his ass twice, getting each cheek in the process. "Thank you, master." Stan groaned, his erection digging into the bed below.

"That's right. You're only allowed to be a slut for me. It's time to show me how much a slut you can be. I'm going to make you come again, and you're not going to hold back." Mike grabbed the silicone toy off the nightstand and placed the strap in the drawer.

Stan could hear Mike lubricating the toy before Mike pressed it to Stan's opening. The thickness of it made Stan bite his lip as Mike pressed it all the way inside of him. "How does it feel, slut?" Mike asked.

"So big… oh God, I don't know if I can do this…" Stan whimpered, his back arching a bit.

“Oh you’ll take it. A slut like you can take a lot of dick. Don’t even lie and say you can’t.” Mike smirked before moving it roughly in and out of Stan’s tightness.

The gasping moan that escaped Stanley was music to Mike’s ears. He was wearing Stan down, turning him into a moaning mess on the bed. Stan’s prostate was taking all of the abuse. “Oh God! I can’t do it… please don’t make me come again. It’s too soon…” Stan whined.

Mike shook his head, “You’re gonna come hard. You’re going to come as many times as I want you to. I want my slut worn out, you need to learn who owns this ass. It’s not you.” Mike growled moving the toy faster inside of Stan.

The moaning and begging continued. Stan begged him to stop repeatedly, his erection leaking as Mike pounded the toy into his prostate. Mike wasn’t going to stop without the safe word, and the desperate moaning proved to be music to his ears. “I’ll be good! Please! I can’t come again! Please!” Stan begged, his body straining as his balls began to churn; he was close to coming again.

“No, princess. You’ve gotta work all that bratty energy out of your system. Come for me, babe.” Mike urged as he began working the toy quickly, in and out of Stan’s tightness.

Stan moaned and wreathed, his knees digging into the bed as he was building up for another orgasm. “Oh God! Oh no! Please! Please! Master! Oh yes!” Stan let out a shrill cry, his body releasing hard as he soaked the inside of the condom once again.

Mike pulled the toy out of Stan’s ass. “Good slut. You’re learning who owns you now, aren’t you?”

Stan nodded, his body shaking. “Yes master. You own me.”

“Good boy. Now I want you to submit. Let me have my way with you.” Mike spread Stan’s cheeks gently, leaning down to drag his tongue along his opening.

Stan shivered, and let out a soft moan as Mike’s tongue dragged over the sensitive opening. The cherry lubricant stained Stanley’s skin, and

Mike was pleased Stan wasn't fighting him like he usually would. Running his tongue from Stan's balls up to his opening, he probed his tongue deep inside of him. Stanley whimpered softly into the bedding, his body remaining limp, and spent as he let Mike rim him without any fuss.

Mike's teeth grazed his skin, and Stan felt his cock twitching back to life a third time. Mike's tongue made its way down to the base of his cock, teasing him with his warm mouth. Stan moaned, lifting his butt a little in response before Mike's tongue dragged itself back up to his opening. It was one of the first times Stan hadn't said a word about sanitation or pleas to make him stop licking him there. It made Mike happy to know Stan was finally broken down to his will. Mike flicked his tongue around expertly pulling soft moans from Stan's lips.

Mike pulled back, and climbed up Stan, pressing his lips to Stan's neck. "You gonna be a good boy, and let me fuck you without fuss?"

Stan nodded weakly, "Yes, master."

"Good. I'm going to fuck you hard, baby. We're going to change that condom, because you're going to come again." Mike kissed his earlobe before reaching into the drawer for a fresh condom.

Pulling off the one Stan was already wearing gently, He tied it off, surprised how full it had gotten already, before he tossed it in the trash. Stan felt the new condom slide on, and he pressed his face into the pillows below him, stifling a soft groan; his penis was already quite sensitive.

Once he was ready, Mike lubricated his painfully hard erection with more cherry lubricant. Stan felt Mike press just the head into him, and his sensitive insides gripped tightly around Mike; he was over stimulated, and the feeling of entry caused all his muscles to clench tightly, his body's attempt to keep Mike out. With a low groan, Mike bit his lip, enjoying the feeling of being squeezed, "Oh babe… you're milking my cock already." Mike gently massaged Stan's lower back, "Ease up, baby. Let daddy inside."

Stan whimpered, and attempted to relax his clenching muscles. Once he did Mike pushed in further, eliciting a moan from Stan's lips. In

one final push, Mike was engulfed to the hilt. Stan's muscles spasmed around him, making Mike groan loudly as he pressed his face in Stan's shoulder. "Oh God… you ready to make me come, baby?" Mike kissed his shoulder twice with soft delicate kisses.

Stan nodded, "Yes master."

"Good boy." Mike began thrusting his hips, listening to Stan's loud cries of pleasure with each rub against his overworked prostate.

Stan's eyes began to leak tears that he simply couldn't stop. He was in a sensitive state, and Mike was impressed he got Stanley there. "Oh! Yes!" Stan whined loudly, his hands gripping at the chains on the handcuffs.

Mike grinned, enjoying the state he'd put Stan in. Arching his back, his ass lifted, sending Mike in deeper, "Oh fuck! Daddy! Fuck me!" Stan began screaming as Mike rutted into him mercilessly.

Gritting his teeth, Mike groaned loudly, his arousal peaking as Stan went crazy beneath him, wreathing and panting heavily, "Thank you! Oh, thank you daddy!" Stan screamed.

Mike kissed his neck, "That's it baby. Take the cock… you earned it, babe." Mike bit his shoulder gently, making Stan squeal loudly.

Without any further warning, Stan's muscles ceased up, and he began oozing into the condom, his insides spasming around Mike, milking him with each thrust Mike made into his tightness. "Fuck! Oh Stanley!" Mike cried out, his body coming hard, coating Stan's insides without holding back.

Stan went limp below him, his body spent. Tears continued to leak from Stan's eyes. All Stan could manage was a steady pant as he tried desperately to catch his breath. Mike pulled out of him, noting how full the condom had gotten around Stan's spent cock. "Baby, you did so good…" Mike kissed along his shoulders, kissing them tenderly. "Let me get you cleaned up."

A soft whimper was all Stan could muster in response. Mike got off him, pulling the soiled condom from Stan's sensitive penis. He tossed

it away in the trash, and went to the bathroom, warming a cloth beneath the faucet. Returning to Stan, Mike gently ran the cloth over his body, cleaning him off carefully. The cherry lubricant coming off easily as Mike washed his privates with care.

The feeling of the warm cloth relaxed Stanley, and he welcomed the feeling of Mike releasing him from the shackles. Mike rubbed Stan's ankles and wrists gently, kissing them softly.

"You did such a good job, baby." Mike smiled, pulling him into a warm hug as they lay on their sides in the bed.

Wiping Stan's eyes gently, Mike looked into them. "Hey beautiful. Are you ok?" Mike asked softly.

Stan nodded, a small smile playing on his lips, "Thank you." Stan quietly said as he cuddled into Mike's arms warmly.

Mike ran his fingers through Stan's hair, massaging his scalp. His lips pressed into Stan's neck gently, "Do you feel better?" Mike asked him curiously.

Stan nodded, his mouth pressing repeatedly into Mike's shoulder. "Mhmm…"

"I think it's time for a nice head massage." Mike cupped Stan's head in his hands, and worked his fingers against Stan's scalp.

Stan closed his eyes, his body going even more limp if possible as Mike rubbed at his head, knowing by now just what Stan liked. The soft sounds coming from Stan told Mike he was doing a good job. When Mike was finished, he pulled Stan to his chest, cradling him lovingly, "You're so beautiful. I got so lucky finding you, babe." Mike kissed his forehead gently, "You're everything I ever wanted."

Stanley smiled gently, enjoying the praise as he ran his fingers over Mike's abdomen muscles mindlessly. Wrapping Stan in the blanket, Mike held him, letting Stan catch a nap as he held onto him. Mike counted their evening as another successful cleansing.

Notes for the Chapter:

How was that?

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

While Stan and Mike were upstairs... this happens!

Chapter 4

Will sat straddling Richie's lap once Stan and Mike had disappeared upstairs. He pouted a little as Richie attempted to ignore him, "Nope. Don't give me that look. You used your penis, and you're not supposed to use it. You know this."

Rubbing Richie's chest gently, Will looked into his eyes, "Master, I'm sorry. Please forgive me?"

"You're a bad boy, you know that don't you?" Richie looked at him out of the corner of his eye.

Will nodded his head, still pouting cutely. "Yes, master."

"Now that Mike and Bill have had their way with you, are you going to be good?" Richie asked as Will nodded, his fingers stroking down Richie's chest slowly, "Alright. Prove to me you can be good. Go upstairs and change into that tight silky nightie I bought you the other day. The lace panties too."

Will hopped off Richie and went upstairs to change. Richie loved seeing Will in feminine clothing, something about it was exciting to him. It seemed that his boyfriend was beautiful enough to pull them off well.

Eddie was on the floor, scrubbing it down hastily. He made little whimpers every so often, and Bill seemed to enjoy watching. Ben had left to clean the toy and wash up while Bev sat on the couch watching Eddie, "Hey Bill, I'm feeling like I could use some help… think Eddie could fix me up?" She asked pointedly.

"Of c-course. Eds, g-go lick her pu-pussy." Bill commanded.

Eddie crawled over to her, his penis leaking a little on the floor as he

made his way to Beverly. She spread her legs, and Eddie pressed his face between her thighs. The hornier he was, the more impressive his oral skills became.
Beverly moaned loudly, her back arching as Eddie put his all into what he was doing with his mouth. He groaned, and hummed around her clit with arousal, making everything more pleasurable for her. “Oh fuck! Bill, he’s really horny…” Beverly moaned as she read the signs perfectly.

“That’s g-good. He should be.” Bill nodded watching Eddie lap at Beverly’s pussy with intense focus.

Ben and Will both came down the stairs. Ben took a seat on the floor next to Beverly’s chair. Will walked down in the silk nightie, and staddled Richie’s lap again. “Are you wearing those panties?” Richie asked before rubbing under the nightie, feeling the lace material on his fingers.

“Yes master.” Will purred, enjoying the feeling of Richie’s hand on his privates.

“Good boy.” Richie removed his hand and pulled Will close, kissing his forehead, “I love when you get all pretty for me.”

Eddie sucked hard on Beverly’s clit, her legs twitching as he was getting her closer to her climax. “Oh yes! Almost there, Eddie…” Beverly gripped the arms of the chair tightly, her nails digging into the material.

Without stopping his skilled tongue, Eddie felt the liquid from her pussy coating his chin, she was starting to orgasm, and her moaning cry was an indication he had done his duty. Pulling off her, Bill was ready with a paper towel to wipe his face off. “Good, j-job Eddie.” Bill praised with a grin.

Will rested his body against Richie, moving so he was sitting on Richie’s lap sideways. “Master, I want to make up for being so bad.” Will said before sucking on Richie’s earlobe.

Richie groaned, “Maybe you can…”

“Please master? I want you to love me again.” Will begged, kissing Richie’s neck sweetly.

Richie stroked Will’s hair and tilted his head so he could press his lips to Will’s gently. “Of course I love you, babe. You were bad, but that doesn’t mean I don’t love you.” Richie smiled a little, knowing Will was just trying to get Richie into a sweet mood; Richie took it as a sign to be a little softer.

“Take those panties off, I need you to warm my cock for me.” Richie told him, watching as Will gently pulled them off.

Richie pulled his penis out of his pants, and immediately he was rock solid. Holding Will bridal style, he gently lowered Will onto his erection, watching Will bite his lower lip as he slowly took the entire length inside of himself, his arms around Richie’s neck. Richie groaned, and rubbed Will’s thigh, “You’re still so tight, even after Mike had his way with you.”

“Yes master… just for you.” Will shivered, feeling the intense pressure on his prostate as he attempted to keep still on Richie’s lap.

“Maybe if I want to keep you in line, I should reward you a little more…” Richie ran his fingers teasingly along Will’s shaft, watching the blonde struggle.

Will watched intently as Richie gently wrapped his hand around his erection and began pumping his wrist slowly. Will whined, his face pressing into Richie’s neck as he was slowly jerked off. “Thank you master… thank you so much…” Will’s body was covered in goosebumps at the feeling of Richie inside of him while he was being jerked off.

Richie smirked, enjoying the sounds coming from Will as he continued to slowly slide his hand up and down Will’s hard shaft. “Good boy… you’re doing such a good job keeping my cock warm…”

“R-Rewarding him already?” Bill asked looking over.

Richie nodded, “Yeah, he’s sensitive. He feels really bad for what he did.” Richie kissed Will’s temple gently.

Bill looked down at Eddie, “Maybe I sh-should go easy on you f-for now.”

Eddie looked up at him, desperation in his brown eyes. Bill lifted Eddie, bringing him to the coffee table, to lean him over it. Carefully, he removed the plug from Eddie, hearing a sigh of relief from the brunette.

Bill ran his hands along Eddie’s arched back, “You r-ready for a real c-cock in you?”

“Yes! Please!” Eddie begged as Bill slid down his pants and lined himself up with his opening before sliding inside. “Oh! Thank you…” Eddie pressed his face into the backs of his hands as Bill carefully pumped in and out of him.

Ben looked up at Beverly as she gently stroked his hair, “My pussy’s all wet, and ready to be pleased…” Beverly purred, watching as Ben erected before her eyes, “I want that nice big cock of yours inside of me…”

Standing up, Ben looked to Beverly for guidance, “Where? How?” He questioned.

Beverly got up and smiled, gently pushing Ben indicating for him to sit down in her spot. She straddled his hips and inserted him inside of her beneath her skirt. “Oh…” He groaned softly, enjoying the feeling of being inside of her.

Riding him slowly, Beverly moaned softly, allowing his erection to hit her g-spot each time she moved down on him. “Mistress, you’re so perfect…” He groaned, gripping the arms of the chair, knowing he couldn’t control her hips.

Eddie’s orgasmic screaming filled the room as he was repeatedly slammed into the coffee table with each of Bill’s powerful thrusts. “Yes! Yes! Yes! OH God!” Eddie cried out loudly.

Bill smacked his ass, enjoying the noises coming out of the brunette, “G-Good boy… take it.” Bill gritted his teeth, feeling himself coming close.

“Master! May I come?!” Eddie cried out loudly, his eyes looking back at Bill desperately.

Bill grasped Eddie’s hair, tugging it back a bit before he wrapped his hand around Eddie’s erection, “Alright. C-Come for me… Scream my n-nuh-name.”

“Bill! Oh fuck! Bill!” Eddie screamed out, coming into Bill’s hand hard.

Bill groaned, releasing his seed into Eddie once he felt Eddie’s warm pleasure in his hand. “Mm…”

Bill pulled Eddie onto the two seater, snuggling him close. Eddie buried his face into Bill’s neck. “So good…” Eddie mumbled with relief.

Richie continued to pump his wrist up and down slowly, enjoying how he was able to prolong Will’s arousal. The clenching it caused around his cock was more than worth it. Richie was able to keep him on edge for as long as he wanted. Will whimpered, pressing his mouth to Richie’s neck. “Good boy. Are you enjoying your reward?” Richie asked kissing his forehead gently.

“Yes, thank you master.” Will moaned, his lips kissing at Richie’s neck gently.

Will’s insides were constricting around Richie’s erection all on their own as Richie continued bringing him agonizingly closer to the edge. Richie groaned softly, and slowly began shifting his hips so he was fucking up into Will. “OH God…” Will moaned, his voice muffled by Richie’s neck.

Beverly bounced faster on top of Ben, her back arching as she was bringing herself to an orgasm. “Oh… I’m almost there, baby…” She warned him.

Ben did everything in his power not to thrust up into her, or move his lower regions at all. He knew he’d get scolded. Groaning loudly, Ben was getting closer to his own climax. “Oh Bev… Mistress… I need to come…” He looked up at her pleadingly.

“Come for your mistress.” Beverly kissed his nose gently, and smiled, still riding him fairly hard.

Ben pressed his lips to hers, and released inside of her, groaning with pleasure. “Oh,.. thank you mistress.”

Beverly moaned her body clenching around him tightly, “Oh! Yes! Oh God!” She came, her fluids soaking his erection.

Ben wrapped his arms around her as she fell forwards, hugging him close. His fingers ran up and down her back, enjoying the closeness. “Mmm.. I love you.” He whispered to her.

“I love you too.” She whispered back before leaning back to kiss him lovingly.

Richie groaned, releasing inside of Will, his body no longer able to withstand the pleasure he was experiencing. He jerked his wrist faster, getting Will to his own climax. “Oh yes! Richie!” Will moaned out, his back arching as he clenched his jaw, gritting his teeth. “Fuck!” Will came, his semen jetting into Richie’s hand.

Richie grinned, and snuggled him close, “Good boy. You feel better?”

Will nodded, still panting hard, “Oh yes… thank you.”

Richie carefully lifted Will off his penis, and Will stood up for a moment so Richie could clean up. Richie pulled Will back into his lap the moment he was finished, snuggling Will close.

The six of them relaxed for a while before Mike came down the stairs, carrying a half smiling Stan in a silk bath robe. “Hey everybody. Happy Stan is in the house.” Mike smiled sitting on the same couch as Richie and Will.

“Aww, he’s so cute when he’s happy.” Beverly smiled, still stroking Ben’s hair gently.

Stan snuggled into Mike, his arms wrapped around Mike’s neck as his head rested on Mike’s shoulder. Stan looked to be in an utter state of bliss as Mike held him close. Will looked over and sat on the cushion between Richie and Mike, “Can we have some Stan snuggles?”

“Sure, I’m going to go make him something to eat anyhow.” Mike smiled, and nodded, getting up to place Stan in Richie’s lap. Richie held him carefully as Will let Stan’s legs rest over him. “Mike, I don’t know what you do to him to get him this way, but he’s so cute.” Richie smiled, allowing Stan to bury his face in his neck.

Will smiled, rubbing Stan’s legs gently. Stan’s fingers were busy playing with the draw string on Richie’s sweater. He looked content in Richie’s arms. Beverly smiled, “Happy-Stan snuggles are hands own the best.” She giggled.

Everyone had to agree, blissed out Stan was the best version of Stan they encountered.

Notes for the Chapter:

Review time!

5. Chapter 5

Summary for the Chapter:

Sunday is bdsm free day!

Chapter 5

Sunday was their day off, free from the BDSM lifestyle. No one wore collars, or kinky clothing. Everyone relaxed, and chores were put off for the following day. Stan was still somewhat tender the following day and spent much of it just relaxing on the couch, cuddling who ever was next to him.

Bill happened to be sitting next to Stanley as they watched TV that morning. Stan rested his head on Bill's shoulder, his fingers running over Bill's strong arms. "Mm…" Stan made a content sound.

"Are you harassing Bill, baby?" Mike asked as he came into the room looking at Stan amused.

Stan smiled at Mike cutely, "He's no t-trouble." Bill smiled, his arm around Stan's shoulders.

Eddie sat on the other side of Stan, playing with his hair gently. "He's still pretty out of it today, huh?" Bev asked.

"It usually gets better before dark." Mike assured them, "He's just been tenderized as I like to describe it."

"I'll never understand why he seems to need it, but it does wonders for him I guess." Beverly shrugged.

Stan stared up at Bill, a loving expression in his eyes. Bill looked over at him, before pressing his lips to Stan's gently. Stan's cheeks flushed a little when Bill pulled back, smiling at him warmly.

Richie came downstairs with Will in tow. Will wore his jeans and a hoodie instead of the female clothing Richie loved to see him in. "Hey guys. Is Stan still being cute?" Richie asked.

“Yes. He’s b-b-being adorable.” Bill smiled stroking Stan’s hair gently.

Eddie kissed Stan’s back gently. “Stan, you’ve got such a cute little crush on Bill… I honestly love it.” Eddie giggled.

Stan blushed a little, “No…”

“Yes.” Mike nodded with a smile, “Bill was his first crush. He’s confessed it to me before.”

Bill looked at Stan, “Really?” He looked amused, “That’s cute.”

Stan smiled, and snuggled into Bill’s arm. “I can understand why.” Eddie smiled, “Bills the best.”

“Wrong, I’m the best.” Richie smirked as he held Will next to him on the couch.

Beverly snuggled into Ben on the armchair. Ben kissed her lovingly, “I disagree. It’s Bev.”

The morning played out content, everyone snuggled together lovingly. Richie played with Will’s hair, showering him in affection. Beverly was less dominant, giving Ben a chance to shine through naturally. Eddie, and Bill were much more playful, cuddling, kissing, and of course, Eddie rode on Bill’s back around the house happily. Mike held onto Stan as Stan continued to come down from his tenderized state, slowly he became more vocal, and less clingy. It was peaceful, and very healthy thing for them to have once a week.

Eddie turned on the stereo, blasting one of his dance songs over the speakers. He started to dance in the middle of the living room, Richie and Beverly eventually coming in to join him. The three danced erratically all over the living room. Will couldn’t help but jump up into the group, joining hands with Richie. It wasn’t long before everyone but Stan, and Ben were up on their feet dancing together. Eddie was infamous for starting the dance offs in the household. Everyone knew when the dance music came on, it meant Eddie was back at it again. Will didn’t often dance at the clubs they went to, but at home, he was comfortable enough to dance around like an idiot with Richie egging him on the entire time.

Bill grabbed Eddie's middle, and held him up as Eddie wrapped his legs around Bill's hips. They spun around together, Eddie laughing excitedly. They nearly knocked into Mike and Beverly as Mike proceeded to spin her around and dip her much to her delight.

Their laughter echoed off the walls, sending good vibes everywhere. "You people are exhausting…" Stan sighed as he relaxed into Ben.

Ben smiled, "Stan, you should really be dancing too."

"Says the only other guy here not dancing." Stan said dryly.

"I'll dance with you." Ben smiled challengingly knowing Stan hated to dance.

"Pass." Stan said quickly.

"Baby, I love it when you dance." Mike smiled at Stan.

"You're the only person I have danced for so embrace it. It's a distant memory I know, but that's all you're getting." Stan said dryly.

"This week, my mission will be to get you dancing again." Mike smirked.

Richie pulled Will onto the couch. Will giggled, straddling Richie's lap as they began to kiss. "Ew, get a room." Stan teased.

"Only if you room with us." Richie winked before Will tugged at Richie's bottom lip, "Ow, you're feisty, Will."

Will smirked, and pressed their lips back together. Ben got up and picked up Beverly from behind, spinning her gently. Her laughter filled the room beautifully. Eddie was standing on Bill's toes as they danced together. It was sweet in an odd way. Mike took a seat next to Stan, wrapping his arm around Stan's shoulders, "Hey baby. Miss me?"

"Always." Stan smiled, kissing him softly.

The group did their typical Sunday night dinner plans, ordering out. This time, the consensus was on pizza. "So, you guys ready for our

Monday night orgy tomorrow?" Richie asked them curiously.

"No." Stan said dryly.

"What? Why?" Richie looked at him confused.

"Because it's Sunday. Why are we discussing an orgy for Monday on Sunday?" Stan asked with a brow raised.

"I'm just really excited, because I'm going to bring my A game to it. I wonder who I'll draw out of the hat." Richie smirked a little.

"If its me, you're not going to be the one fucking me, I'll be the one fucking you." Stan said dryly.

"Please, I've already had my big fat cock in your tight little ass. You loved it." Richie smirked.

"I faked it." Stan said with void of emotions.

"Lies." Richie smirked as he continued to eat.

"Stan, I don't think you even know how to fake it." Mike looked at him sternly.

"I do so. I do it with you every night." Stan said, a hint of a smirk playing on his lips.

Mike looked at him, and tried not to smile back at him, "I'm going to remember that piece of information for later on in the week. I'll have to begging for mercy." Mike assured him, "You just wait."

Stan stuck out his tongue briefly. When Mike and Stan had a power play, it was always fun to see where it would go. Mike and Stan were both cunning and witty. It amused the whole household.

A cuddle pile formed after dinner consisting of Bill, Richie, Will and Eddie. Everyone was content and playing with each others hair gently. Beverly snuggled into Ben, enjoying the scent of his cologne. Stan found himself on Mike's lap, their mouths pressing together as they ignored the movie on TV.

Before too late, the couples found their way to their rooms. Many of them had to head to work the following day, so there was no reason to stay up too late. Ben carried Beverly upstairs, effortlessly despite her constant giggling and nervousness of being carried. Ben had never dropped her before, so she knew she could trust him, but she was still nervous.

When they finally got to their room, Ben pulled off his clothing, before heading to their off-suit bathroom to brush his teeth with Beverly who had also stripped down. They stood naked before the mirror and began brushing with spearmint toothpaste.

When they were finished, Bev began taking off her make-up carefully with a warm cloth. Ben kissed he neck, rubbing her hips as he stood behind her. She giggled, “Stop that!”

“Never, you’re so beautiful.” Ben chuckled, kissing down her spine slowly.

Beverly turned around before he made it midway down her back, wrapping her arms around him. “Let’s get into bed, handsome.”

Heading to their large blue covered bed, they both got in carefully. Bev rested her head on Ben’s shoulder, allowing him to wrap her up in a warm embrace. “Tomorrow, they start construction on one of my buildings in the heart of downtown.” Ben told Beverly, kissing her temple gently.

“Oooh, I can’t wait to see it finished. Your building designs are amazing. Literally amazing.” Beverly smiled up at him.

Ben smiled, kissing her lips. “I know its Sunday, and we normally don’t, but…”

“You want to have sex before we sleep?” Beverly kissed him, “I think I’m up for that.” She smiled brightly, climbing on top of him to kiss all over his face.

Ben rubbed her back, kissing her lovingly. Beverly rubbed her pelvis against his, feeling the hardness building up, touching her slit. She reached down, rubbing the head of his cock between her folds. Ben

moaned softly, “Oh… that’s so good…”

Beverly smiled, “Want me to ride you, babe?”

Ben nodded, “Yes.” He loved when she was on top, it was rare as he usually was on top even when she dominated him.

Beverly sat down, pushing him deep inside of her rather quickly. “Oh! Bev!” He moaned loudly.

Ben and Bev could faintly hear Will moaning Richie’s name through the walls, “At least we aren’t the only ones fucking tonight.” She giggled before she began moving on top of him slowly.

Ben groaned, gripping her hips. “That’s good baby… so good…” he moaned helping her along.

Beverly moved a little faster, Making more noise than previously, she found the pace she enjoyed the most. “Oh God… your cock is so nice…” Beverly praised as she continued to ride him, her hands tracing the lines on his abdomen.

Ben stared up at her, his hands groping her breasts as she leaned down to kiss him. “You’re the most beautiful woman in the entire world, Beverly.” Ben told her, kissing her lips again, “I love you.”

“I love you too, Ben. You’re so perfect.” Beverly moved more fluidly, working them both up.

It was just a quickie, but it was extremely pleasurable for her. She felt Ben thrusting up into her, making her moans louder. The way Ben was breathing told her he was getting close. She had to admit, she was too.

Ensuring he was slamming into her G-spot with each thrust, Beverly arched her back, feeling the blissful orgasmic waves of pleasure wash over her. “Ben! Oh God!” She started to scream as she numbly kept moving.

Ben stared up at her, watching in awe as she began to orgasm, her velvet opening drenching him in her come as she cried out loudly. Ben couldn’t handle much more, he came hard, releasing inside of

her. “Oh Bev…” He groaned blissfully.

Beverly climbed off him, lying beside him. The two locked lips, kissing tenderly as they resumed cuddling one another. “It’s late. We should probably sleep.” Beverly smiled at him.

“Good call.” Ben smiled, “Goodnight, my love.”

“Goodnight my one and only.” She smiled closing her eyes as Ben turned out the light, wrapping his arms around her once more.

Notes for the Chapter:

Response?

6. Chapter 6

Summary for the Chapter:

LAST CHAPTER GUYS!

Chapter 6

When Monday rolled around, everyone who had jobs outside of the home left for the day, leaving the rest of them at home to work. Stan was off that particular Monday as it was a bank holiday.

Coming downstairs, Stan was in his collar, black lace panties, black stockings connected to a garter belt, and pale pink heels. On top he wore a black corset with a tiny pale pink bow between where his breasts should be. He hauled the vacuum with him and began vacuuming up the carpets in every room.

Mike walked in to see Stan in his outfit, pausing as he eyed the stockings and heels. Stan felt excitement flooding through him as he moved around the living room before turning off the vacuum. Mike walked over to Stan, running his hands along his hips, “Mm… my slut’s all dressed up for me.” Mike leaned in, catching Stan’s lips with his possessively, “You’re getting me all hot and bothered, there better be a good reason.”

“I just wanted to look pretty for you.” Stan looked at him, an aroused look in his eyes as he raked his eyes over Mike’s body, gently running a hand over Mike’s muscles.

Mike stuck his finger in Stan’s mouth, watching Stan suck on it sensually. “Mm… Come to the kitchen. I’m going to fuck you so hard over the island counter just the way you like it…”

Stan followed Mike once the finger was out of his mouth. Mike pulled off his shirt, tossing it on the ground before undoing his pants, pulling them off along with his boxers before Stan sunk to his knees, taking Mike into his mouth eagerly without having to be asked. Mike moaned, staring down into Stan’s amber eyes as he made a show of pushing Mike in so deep he choked. Tears spilled from the corners of

his eyes, it was something Stan loved to do.

Mike pulled Stan off his cock, moving them before he pushed Stan over the counter, pulling down the black panties. There was a small bottle of lubricant in the counter drawer next to them as it was a common place for sexual activity. Mike watched as Stan lifted one leg onto the counter. His long legs were a big turn on for Mike, and Stan knew it. Mike lubricated his cock before pressing a finger inside of Stan, listening to him groan a little. “You ready for daddy’s cock?” Mike asked pressing the head of his penis to Stan’s opening.

“Oh, yes daddy. I’m ready.” Stan gripped the counter, excited for what was to come.

Mike pressed his way inside of Stan, gripping onto the blonde’s shoulders as he pushed in to the hilt. Stan bit his lip, groaning at the feeling. Richie and Bill wandered through the kitchen casually, “Hey Mike, playing with your slut?” Richie smirked with amusement.

Stan moaned, unable to respond to Richie in any sort of manner. Mike gripped Stan’s hair possessively, “My slut got all pretty for me, it would be a shame to waste it.” Mike smirked as he continued to fuck hard into Stan, “You like that baby?”

“Oh! Yes daddy!” Stan cried out, his lips quivering as he was overcome with arousal.

Bill grabbed an apple, watching as he bit into it. Richie grabbed one as well, “Have fun you two.” Richie laughed heading out of the room.

Bill was still frozen on the spot, enjoying the view. “I don’t blame you for staring, Bill. Stan’s a beauty in lingerie, isn’t he?”

Nodding with a smile, “He sure is.” Bill bit into his apple, eyeing Stan’s flushed cheeks as he left the room.

Mike leaned close to Stan’s ear, “Big Bill wants to fuck you, what do you think about that?”

“Oh! Oh God!” Stan moaned his knuckles turning white from gripping the counter.

“Do you remember how good his cock felt the last time you had it?” Mike asked, licking the shell of Stan’s ear.

“Yes! Oh! Yes daddy!” Stan shouted excitedly.

“That’s my boy… You want that dick, too don’t you?” Mike asked fucking Stan harder.

“Yes! Oh Fuck!” Stan cried out, his body trembling.

Mike tugged Stan’s head to the side by his hair before wrapping his mouth around Stan’s neck, licking and sucking on his pale skin. “Mmm… you’re mine, aren’t you baby?”

“Yes daddy! All yours!” Stan moaned loudly.

Mike ran his hand along the leg that was on the counter, enjoying the stockings. “God, you’re pretty…”

Stan moaned feeling Mike’s lips kissing his shoulder. “Daddy, can I come?” Stan asked, feeling the build up inside.

“Not yet baby, soon.” Mike fucked Stan a little harder, enjoying the power he had over the blonde.

“OH! Oh God!” Stan whined, his body aching for release.

Mike gripped Stan’s hips with both hands, rutting him hard, “Come for me, baby.” Mike encouraged.

Without needing to be told twice, Stan actually released hard, his semen spilling onto the counter as he moaned with relief. “Good boy…” Mike thrust a few more times before he released hard into Stan.

The two panted for a few seconds before Mike carefully helped Stan get back on both feet. Mike cupped Stan’s face, kissing him lovingly before playfully smacking his ass. “Go have a shower, babe. I’ll clean up the kitchen, and then come join you.” Mike told Stan.

The blonde smiled and left the room, walking with a pleased strut to his step. Whistles came from the living room that were clearly

Richie's. Mike smiled and cleaned up the counter with disinfectant before he walked through the living room to spot Bill and Richie on the couch together watching TV.

"Where's Will?" Mike asked curiously as he stopped before the stairs.

"He's coming down soon, he just had to finish the laundry." Richie explained.

"Oh. Well I'll see you guys later." Mike said before heading upstairs after Stan.

When Will did finally come down, he was wearing a school girl kilt, a buttoned up white shirt, and socks that went to his knees. Richie smiled at him, "Hey baby."

"Hi master." Will smiled, his white collar visible to them.

Sitting down on Richie's lap, Will leaned in for a kiss. Richie rubbed his back gently, "Have you done all your chores like a good boy?"

"Yes master." Will smiled cutely at him.

"Mmm, good." Richie smiled, "You look good. Very sexy in your skirt." Richie rubbed Wills leg gently.

Will smiled, leaning into him lovingly. "It's l-like you own a kitten." Bill commented.

Richie grinned, "I can make this kitten purr." Richie nibbled Will's neck, a soft moan escaping him.

Bill lifted up the front of Will's skirt only to see a pair of while lace panties. "He even wears the p-pa-panties…"

"Of course he does. He's a good boy. He knows what his master likes." Richie kissed Will's temple gently, rubbing at the inside of Will's leg.

"Are you in need of my services, master?" Will asked, rubbing Richie's chest gently.

“I wouldn’t mind that pretty mouth on my cock.” Richie gently traced Will’s lips with his thumb as he spoke.

“Can I play with your toy while h-he does that?” Bill asked Richie.

“Of course you can. He likes to be filled up with as many cocks as possible. Don’t you baby?” Richie asked.

Will smiled and nodded, “Yes master.”

“T-Take off your panties.” Bill told him.

Will carefully removed the lacey garment and tossed it aside. Richie sat with his back to the arm of the couch, Will got on his hands and knees, leaning down to take Richie’s now exposed erection in his mouth. Bill knelt behind Will, rubbing lube on his erection before fingering some of it into Will’s ass gently.

Richie groaned, watching as Will bobbed his head up and down, eager to please him. There wasn’t a better sight to see in Richie’s opinion. Bill pressed the head inside of Will. A small sound escaped him, but Will kept sucking unbothered by it. Bill took this as a sign he could push in deeper. He moved inside slowly until he was all the way in. Gripping Will’s hips, Bill moved in and out of Will.

Stroking Will’s hair, Richie moaned softly, “That’s a good boy… You’re making your master proud.” Richie purred, listening as Will moaned around his penis.

Bill bit his bottom lip, pumping a little harder, “He’s s-so tight…”

“He is isn’t he? It’s incredible. Fuck…” Richie groaned, his head tilting back as Will moved his tongue a little faster against the underside of his shaft.

Bill thrust deeply, his hip motions getting a little faster, “Oh shit… fuck…” Bill bit his lower lip, breathing heavier.

Will moaned around Richie’s erection, deep throating Richie as he moved. It was a wonder Will hadn’t choked, but he seemed to be holding his own well. Being.

Being in between Richie and Will wasn't anything new to Will. He enjoyed it very much. They were his two favourite doms and they took good care of him on a daily basis. It felt good, safe and very comfortable.

"Mm… that's good baby… master's getting close." Richie stroked Will's hair gently.

Bill moved harder into him, feeling like he was getting much closer. "That makes t-two of us."

Will moaned around Richie's cock, taking it in deeply. Richie gripped the back of the couch, moaning softly as he released hard into Will's mouth. "Fuck!"

Drinking down Richie's climax, Will pulled off, moaning audibly as Bill angled more into his prostate, "Fuck! OH God!" Will arched his back.

Richie watched, rather amazed. "Fuck yes, come baby." Richie wrapped his hand around Will's cock, stroking the head gently.

"Yes! OH Yes!" Will cried out before he came in Richie's hand.

Bill made one final thrust into Will, spilling into him with a grunt. "F-Fuck…"

Pulling out slowly, Bill let himself sit back on the couch. Richie cupped Will's face, kissing him lovingly, "Good boy. You did so well."

Will smiled, looking into Richie's eyes gently, "Thank you, master."

Richie placed a kiss on his lips, "Alright, I'll let you get to work on your comic. Thanks for the play time."

Will laughed, "You're welcome, Richie. I'll let you know when I finish." Will said breaking character.

Bill nodded to him, "Thanks for letting m-me have a turn."

Will leaned in and kissed him gently, "Of course, I love fucking you." Will giggled before kissing Richie again and heading upstairs.

Richie looked at Bill for a moment, “You wanna snuggle?”

Bill smiled a little and nodded. The two grabbed a blanket, and Bill rested against Richie, allowing Richie to hold him warmly as they turned on the TV.

When the rest of the couples arrived home from work, everyone sat down for dinner that Will prepared for them after he had finished hours of inking. Richie proved to be quite the distraction the entire time, kissing at Will’s neck, and teasing him as he attempted to make chicken, rice, and Caesar salad.

“If he ruins our dinner, I’m blaming you.” Stan said from the kitchen table, as he wiped it down carefully as Mike sat reading a book.

Richie looked back at Stan and smirked, “He won’t, or he knows he gets a spanking if he does.”

Will pressed his ass against Richie’s groin as he mixed the salad together carefully. Richie chuckled, and grabbed Will’s hips.

Bill walked into the kitchen with Eddie by his side. It wasn’t long before Ben and Beverly entered the room, taking a seat as Will dished out food. “Hey Richie, you can remove your cock from Will’s ass any time. You aren’t fused together.” Beverly said as Richie kept himself pressed against Will through their clothes.

“Baby, did you want me to move my cock from you ass?” Richie smirked, knowing what Will would say.

“No master, I love your cock on my ass.” Will said obediently.

Beverly rolled her eyes, “Of course he’d say that.”

“It’s because he’s such a good boy.” Richie kissed his cheek before gently biting his neck.

Will shivered before picking up the plates and carrying them over to the table for everyone to begin eating. No one missed the fact that Will’s boner was pressing against the front of his skirt.

They were all eager for their Monday ritual to begin. It was a draw to

see who would end up fucking who. It was one of the only occasions Richie and Stan ever had sex together willingly. The top hat determined their fate, and they were all ok with it.

Beverly always redrew if she got paired with Will or Eddie. They were only to be paired with male partners as they were exclusively gay. It was a boundary they weren't going to cross.

After dinner, everyone stripped down and got ready as Beverly drew the first two names from the top hat. "Oooh, Stan and myself." Beverly smiled at the blonde who looked pleased with the draw.

"Damn! I was hoping for Stan!" Richie snapped his fingers.

Stan rolled his eyes. Reaching into the hat again, Beverly pulled out the next set of names, "Ben and Bill." Beverly smiled, "I'm so glad I get to see that happen."

"I g-guess I'm bottom this time?" Bill glanced at Ben knowingly.

Ben smiled a little and nodded, "You know it."

Beverly drew the next two names. "Richie and Mike."

"Oh, so I guess I'm topping?" Richie smirked.

Mike laughed, "You're cute, but not gonna happen."

Richie laughed, "I had a feeling. I'm down."

"So that leaves me and Eddie." Will looked over at the small brunette with a pleased expression.

"Sure does." Beverly smiled before wrapping her arms around Stan's neck, leading him to the couch.

Stan gripped Beverly's hips as he was forced onto the couch. Beverly straddled his hips kissing him eagerly. Stan's erection was rubbed against her wet opening, pulling soft moans from him as the feeling of a vagina wasn't quite as common for him to experience. Beverly was surprised when Stan moved swiftly, lying her on her back on the couch. Spreading her legs slowly, Stan leaned down, dragging his

tongue along her slit eagerly. Beverly moaned, biting her lower lip with each lick of Stan's tongue electrifying her body.

Will sat on the armchair, watching as Eddie knelt down, taking Will into his mouth eagerly. Will closed his eyes, groaning softly. "Treat my boy good, Eds." Richie smiled before Mike wrapped his arms around Richie from behind, biting slowly along Richie's shoulders.

Mike wrapped his hand around Richie's erection, the other arm trapping Richie's arms at his sides while Mike jerked him quickly. "Oh fuck… Mike!" Richie whined, his body getting extremely heated from just being dominated.

Bill and Ben took the second couch, their lips pressed together heatedly. Ben pinned Bill beneath him, enjoying the struggle Bill put up just for the fun of it. Ben rolled Bill onto his stomach, grabbing the lubricant from nearby only to lube up his fingers. Pressing one into Bill's opening, he listened to Bills soft groans. Both of Bill's hands were pinned above him by Ben's free hand, "Oh God…" Bill groaned, feeling Ben rub his prostate.

"Stan! Oh fuck! Put it in me…" Beverly purred, getting wetter by the second.

Sitting up, Stan wiped his mouth with his fingers before climbing over her, pressing the head of his cock into her opening. Her legs snapped around his waist, encouraging him to stay deep inside of her. Bev leaned up, catching his lower lip between her teeth, tasting her own juices on his mouth.

Mike wanted to watch Stan and Bev have sex, but he forced himself to look away, his erection digging into Richie's leg. "Get on your hands and knees, Trashmouth." Mike demanded in his ear.

"Yes!" Richie agreed the moment Mike let him go.

Getting onto his hands and knees, Richie watched as Mike lubricated his erection carefully. After a moment, Mike pressed a lubricated finger into Richie's opening. "Mmm…" Richie bit his lower lip, gripping the floor below him.

Will poured lubricant into his hand before carefully slicking his erection the moment Eddie pulled off him. Eddie eagerly climbed on top of him, sitting down on Will's penis without needing any preparation. Will groaned, feeling himself push deeply into Eddie. "Oh God… fuck me…" Will said gripping Eddie's hips as Eddie began riding him with expertise.

Being under Eddie was always a thrill. He could do things to Will that sent tingles through him. "Fuck!" Will moaned as Eddie picked up speed, kissing Will's neck.

Richie moaned, feeling Mike press inside of him, gripping both of his hips. "Fuck, Mike! Your cock's a monster…" Richie shivered as it pressed into his prostate hard.

Mike grinned, "You like it, let's face it. You're a switch for a reason." Mike said as he moved fluidly, making Richie whine beneath him with ecstasy.

"Yes! Fuck!" Richie moaned.

Bill groaned, his body adjusting to Ben's size as it was slowly pushed into him. "Can you take it all, Denbrough?" Ben asked amused, "Your boyfriend can take it no problem…"

Bill bit his lower lip before looking over his shoulder, "My b-boyfriend takes dick better than anyone… even better th-than your girlfriend."

Ben rolled his hips roughly, pulling a guttural groan from Bill. "Watch it." Ben said dominantly.

Stan pumped his hips roughly, making the couch squeak loudly as he thrust hard into Beverly. The redhead was moaning loudly, her fingers tangled in Stan's blonde locks as her mouth trailed along his neck eagerly. Groaning loudly, Stan enjoyed the feeling of being inside of her. One of his hands was groping her breast, enjoying the feel and shape of it.

Richie's moaning was accompanied by the loud sound of his and Mike's bodies slapping together repeatedly. Mike was going at Richie

hard, and it seemed Richie was enjoying every second of it, “Mike! You’re so fucking good! Oh my God!”

“Are you my bitch tonight?” Mike purred.

“Yes! Oh, Fucking Hell yes! I’m your bitch!” Richie moaned desperately.

Will moaned, his back arching as Eddie rode him quickly. Eddie’s sounds were almost enough to send Will over the edge. “Oh! God Eddie!” Will cried out, coming hard, his eyes squeezing shut as Eddie began coming on his abdomen.

“Will!” Eddie moaned loudly.

Beverly’s nails dragged down Stan’s back as she managed to hit her orgasm. “Oh! Oh God! Stan! Stanley!” She screamed, her insides clamping around him as fluid soaked his cock.

Groaning loudly, Stan drove himself deep inside of her, coming hard. “Fuck…”

Beverly didn’t let go of Stan, her legs still holding him deep inside of her. She turned his head so he could see Richie getting completely dominated by Mike, “Look at that… looks good, doesn’t it?” Bev grinned watching Stan stare over with intrigue.

Richie’s inability to stay on his hands showed Stan just how powerful Mike’s thrusts were as Richie’s upper half was a moaning mess on the floor with his ass still in the air. Mike thrust hard, and fast, fucking Richie into the floor with loud thuds. “Mike! Fuck! I’m going to come!” Richie screamed out loudly.

“No coming!” Mike ordered.

“Oh, please! I need to come!” Richie begged, “Fuck! Fuck!”

Mike smirked, thrusting several more times as Richie continued to whine and beg below him almost incoherently. “Fine you big baby, come.”

Richie groaned loudly, his semen spewing all over the floor intensely.

“Fuck! Oh God!”

Mike gripped Richie’s hips, pressing deep inside as he came hard. Both of them panting hard.

Everyone glanced over to see Bill, his face pressed into the pillow as his muffled moans sounded with each hard thrust Ben made inside of him. “Can he breathe?” Stan asked curiously.

Gripping Bill’s hair, Ben pulled so Bill’s moaning was no longer muffled. “Oh! B-B-Ben! Fuck!”

Ben slapped his ass with the other hand, “Can you breathe?”

“Yes! Oh fuck!” Bill moaned before Ben pressed his face back into the pillow.

They watched with amusement as Ben continued to dominate him, clearly getting close to his climax. “You ready for it Bill?” Ben asked.

“Yes!” Bill cried out from the pillows.

Ben groaned, coming hard inside of him, stroking Bill’s cock as he did so to cause the auburn-haired boy to come hard in his hand. “Fuck… you made a big mess Bill.” Ben smirked, letting Bill’s head up.

Bill panted furiously, looking pleased. “Guys… I can’t believe I came that hard…” Richie said despite his heavy breathing.

“I can.” Stan responded.

The Monday night orgy proved to be a success, as per usual. The rest of the night was spent in the living room, each couple snuggled together as the TV played in the background. “Hey guys… I think I know what I w-w-want to do for this summer’s vacation.” Bill told them, his arms wrapped around Eddie.

“Yeah? What’s that?” Beverly asked.

“We should go to Germany. We could r-rent a penthouse at a BDSM hotel.” Bill told them.

“I love it.” Stan nodded in agreement as he rested his head on Mike’s shoulder.

Mike rubbed his back gently, “We could play with some new equipment.”

“We could then buy what ever the fuck we liked for the basement renovations!” Richie smiled, thinking about how they wanted to turn the basement into a bondage sex den.

“Why not try before we buy?” Will smiled in agreement.

“Next adventure: Germany.” Ben nodded, “I’ll get saving up.”

“Damn right!” Eddie smiled brightly.

They all couldn’t wait for the next adventure together. It would no doubt be a thrill ride for the polyamorous group of eight.

Notes for the Chapter:

Review? What did you think of this!?

Author's Note:

Leave your thoughts with me!